

RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.

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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

THE INCONSTANT;—A TALE OF THE DRAMA.

(Concluded from our last.)

This discovery raised Oriana from the brink of despair, and she determined patiently to await the time when her lover should renounce his errors, and come an humble penitent to her feet: but alas! this appeared very distant. Every day brought to her ears some new intrigues of Mirabel; and she feared his morals would become tainted by vitiated society, as well as his health and fortune injured, if not ruined, by his various excesses. Sincerely attached to him, and thinking him worthy of her regard, she stooped to stratagems in hopes to save him. Bizarre, Old Mirabel, and her brother Dugard, all willingly lent their assistance, and the lovely Oriana was suddenly transformed into a nun. The moment Mirabel heard the news, his heart smote him as having caused this sacrifice of youth and beauty to the gloom of a cloister; but too proud to own his uneasiness, he formed the design of learning the true state of her feelings under disguise: he therefore entered into a monastery, visited her as a friar to receive her confession, and prepare her mind to take the veil. She quickly discovered him through his disguise; he in despair at her resolution of quitting the world, declared himself, and on his knees owned his devoted attachment, entreating her to accept his hand.

At this important moment, when Oriana thought her cares at an end, old Mirabel burst upon them, loudly calling for the "Counterfeit Nun." The busy headed officious Durcote had heard of Mirabel's visit to the monastery, and ran with the news to his father, declaring that Mirabel was turned friar, and had settled his whole fortune on the fraternity. The silly old man in his alarm hastened to the convent, and by his own impetuosity marred the very scheme he had himself entered into so eagerly. Mirabel coughed at the words "Counterfeit Nun," and hastily threw off his disguise. Oriana vexed, reproached the old gentleman with his imprudence, telling him he had destroyed the hopes which were just ripening in to perfection; when he immediately recanted declaring "she was a nun." "Oh! is she so?" replied young Mirabel, putting on the habit, "then I am a friar directly." "Was

ever an old fool so bantered by a pair of young ones?" returned the old gentleman, "even settle your affairs yourselves, I'll have no more to do with them:" so saying he left the convent. Mirabel played off his wit upon Oriana; congratulated her on her release from captivity, and trusted when they next met it would be in happier times; rolled up their disguises in one heap; and said their cast skins might perhaps get better acquainted: and thus ended Oriana's first project.

She was disappointed, but not unhappy as heretofore: his warm declarations of love encouraged her to proceed, and she resolved to try again. He was at this time engaged in an intimacy with a woman of high rank, but a professed gambler; and one who seldom suffered a young man once in her power to escape with impunity. Oriana now assumed insanity, in the hope of drawing him from this disgraceful and probably fatal connexion. Mirabel was beset on every side by Bizarre's abuse, his father's reproaches, and the resentment of Dugard, who loudly demanded satisfaction for his sister's wrongs. Mirabel bore all with patience, bade Dugard put up his sword, for he would rather bear with insult than offer injury to the brother of his beloved Oriana; and assured him of his sorrow for her sufferings, and his readiness to atone for his former neglect. At sight of Oriana, pale, dejected, and trembling, her beautiful auburn locks streaming about her shoulders, and her eye wild and restless, his heart was struck with remorse: he addressed her with tenderness; she did not appear to know him; he knelt by her side, pressed her hand to his lips, and entreated her to behold his penitence, and bless him by returning recollection; she appeared affected by his kindness, waved them all to quit the room, and then fixing her eyes intently upon him, burst into tears.

Mirabel kissed the tears away, while his own agitation was extreme: he swore to devote his future life to her happiness, declaring that he would gladly bestow half his fortune on the man who should restore her to health. Oriana, delighted, thought herself now secure of her wavering lover, and ventured to disclose the cheat. Mirabel instantly sprung from his knees and broke out into a rhapsody, on the sudden restoration of Oriana's health, bade the spheres tune all their instruments of joy, for the mad woman was dispossessed; but now she was well, and they were free. "How, Sir," said Oriana, "free." "Free as air, my fair bedlamite, what would you have me mar-

ry a lunatic? Lookee, child, you have played it so well this bout, that you will be apt to counterfeit madness all your life long." He then called in their friends, bid them take the lunatic into their charge, that no mad doctor in Christendom could have performed a more effectual cure; but that he could not answer for a relapse, and begged them to place the poor unfortunate under especial care, lest any future danger might occur. The buoyancy of Mirabel's spirits struck them all dumb, and he quitted the field in triumph, leaving poor Oriana overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

Mirabel really loved Oriana, but did not like these perpetual attacks upon his heart, and this seeming determination to abridge him of his pleasures, by hastening him into the trammels of matrimony. He thought Oriana should be content with knowing that he loved her, and await his time and pleasure for the performance of their nuptial vows; and wishing to be rid for a time at least of these tricks and stratagems to entrap him into bondage, proposed to Duretete to go back to Italy, who was rejoiced at the proposal; for Bizarre took every opportunity to torment and turn him into ridicule, and succeeded so effectually that the poor crest-fallen captain would have flown to the Antipodes to get rid of this she-tormentor. Their resolutions were taken, and poor Oriana heard of her lover's intentions with sorrow and almost dismay.

The evening previous to the one intended for their departure from Paris, they went to the play, where Mirabel was caught by the beauty of a lady in one of the boxes. Duretete, who was always afraid of his getting into scrapes, tried to persuade him to return home immediately, and leave the lady to herself; but Mirabel was not easily prevailed upon to give up the chase when he had started the game, making sure of success from an infallible guide, which was, that he seldom ever did fail; he therefore earnestly entreated Duretete to give him but three days, to devote to this lovely incognita, and then he was his to the world's end. While they were disputing the point, an interesting youth brought to Mirabel a letter from a friend, recommending the bearer as a page to attend him on his travels; he had scarcely read the letter, and told the youth that he would accept his services, when Lamorce, the fair incognita, who had bewildered his imagination, came from the theatre; she was in great distress, her carriage and servants were nowhere to be found, and Mirabel, enraptured, made her an offer of his. Duretete, who did not much admire this lady, rudely interfered, and offered to procure her a hackney coach; but Mirabel again and again urging his services, they were with great delicacy and reluctance accepted, and he led her off in triumph.

Oriana, the mock page, was alarmed at this encounter; and urged by jealousy, sprung be-

hind the carriage, resolving to know the issue. They drove a considerable distance, and alighted at a very handsome house in the outlets of the town. Mirabel to his unspeakable joy was invited to supper, at the same time the lady requested he would send his servants away, as an equipage standing at her door late at night might be injurious to her reputation. With this request he most readily complied, only stipulating that his page should remain, as he was a stranger from the country, and, not knowing his way about the town, might probably fall into some danger; the lady agreed to this, and all the rest of his servants were dismissed.

Mirabel was in raptures at his success with the beautiful incognita, she admired a splendid ring upon his finger: his gallantry was put to the test, but it was rather too valuable (being worth seven hundred pounds) to be lightly given away. His happiness was of short duration; for Lamorce leaving him in a few minutes returned with four fellows, whose appearance too plainly bespoke their trade of robbery and murder. He was struck with horror; but soon recovering his presence of mind, assumed the utmost gaiety, and, by not showing any suspicion or alarm, hoped he might hit upon some lucky expedient to save his life; yet what that expedient could be he was at a loss to judge. They all took their seats at a table, Lamorce at the head, and began to drink wine. One of the braves, handing Mirabel a glass, inquired how he liked it, and hoped it pleased his palate. "Very good" replied he, tasting and retasting; "very good; yes, pretty good: but I have some most excellent wine in my cellar; if you will allow me, madam, to send for a few flasks, you will say it far exceeds this."

The braves, desirous of getting all they could, agreed to have wine, and the page was called up to receive directions. Oriana was horror-struck at the sight of these men, but concealed her terror under the mask of simplicity; they invited her to take wine; and she accepted the invitation, as it gave her a better opportunity of examining the countenances of all present. After she had drank, Mirabel gave the directions: "Here, boy, take this key, go to my butler and order him to send me half a dozen flasks of the red Burgundy marked a thousand, and be sure you make haste. I long to entertain my good friends here." "Where did you get this pretty boy, Sir?" inquired Lamorce. "Out of Picardy, madam; this is the first errand; and if he does it well I'll encourage him." Mirabel, as he spoke, cast a look of meaning upon the boy; who, bowing, said; "The red Burgundy, Sir!" "The red Burgundy marked a thousand, and be sure you make haste." As he gave the key he glanced another look of deep meaning, and then turning to his companions, assumed his accustomed gaiety.

Soon after supper was announced ; Mirabel handed the lady to the table, and at her request took his seat at her right hand ; he eat, drank, laughed, talked, and whiled the time away, yet still the page with the wine did not arrive, and the braves began to be impatient. Mirabel assured them it would come ere long, and offered to sing a song : this prolonged the period of delay ; but the men began to grow restless ; and Lamorce, leaving the table, begged Mirabel to return to the drawing room, and she would soon be with him. He obeyed her, and was immediately followed by the four braves, who, throwing off all restraint, declared their mode of life : telling him that had the wine come, they would have trifled a little more time away : but as his stupid booby had most likely lost himself, they should wait no longer, but proceed to business ; and each drawing his huge sword, asked him jocosely whose weapon he preferred, as they had all done tolerable execution.

Mirabel was brave ; but his single arm, opposed against four sturdy ruffians, scarcely afforded a shadow of hope ; yet he resolved to sell his life dearly, and therefore wrested a sword from the hands of one of them (for his own sword, with his ring, watch, and purse, had been already taken from him,) thus holding them at bay for some minutes. But in the very instant that he was in danger of being overpowered, a loud knocking at the street door arrested their attention ; " the wine ! gentlemen, the wine !" exclaimed Mirabel, " let us drink and be friends." The ruffians sheathed their swords, as the page entered the room. Mirabel's heart died within him, at sight of the boy alone.

" The wine, child ? where is the wine ?" said he, faintly. " It is here, Sir," replied the page, opening the door, when ten armed soldiers rushed into the room, and presented their muskets, followed by Duretete, Old Mirabel, Dugard, and Bizarre. Lamorce, alarmed by the loud knocking, came to inquire the cause, and was immediately seized by Duretete. " Ha ! ah !" said he, triumphantly, " I'll take care of you, madam. Good Lord ! what a blessing to think that I shall be revenged on one woman at least before I die." They were committed to the custody of the soldiers, while Mirabel fell on the neck of his preserver, and burst into tears. " Oh ! my charming boy, how shall I repay your kindness ? how evince my gratitude ? name what reward you will, I pledge myself to perform what you require." The page took off his cap, the blushing cheeks and flowing auburn locks declared the truth ; it was Oriana, the faithful Oriana. He caught her to his heart, expressed his gratitude, and entreated her, if she could forgive all his previous follies, to accept his hand, and permit him by a life of devotion to prove the sincerity of his vows. In a few days after this happy period they were united. Mirabel, fully awa-

kened to a sense of his former weakness and impropriety of conduct, called all the better qualities of his disposition into full display ; and the flimsy rakish, whimsical, inconstant lover, proved a faithful, affectionate, and tender husband.

He loved, nor longer blush'd to own that love :
Nor felt ashamed to bow before the shrine
Of female excellence ; surpassing all
The vapourish joys of inconsistency.
Domestic virtue was his idol now ;
The name of faithful wife increased his pride ;
And all his future life was harmony,
With lightness or frivolity unmix'd !

BIOGRAPHY.

" Of man, what see we but his station here."

FROM THE BRITISH TRAVELLER.

LORD BYRON.

George Gordon (Lord Byron) was born in 1788 ; he succeeded to his title and estates in 1798, when only ten years of age ; up to which period he lived in Aberdeenshire, and towards the close of that year he was removed to Harrow, his mother being induced to leave Scotland by the demise of the former Lord Byron. It is not our purpose to say any thing of the conduct of the honorable capt. John Byron, the deceased poet and philanthropist, but that, soon after marriage, and the birth of his only son, he died, leaving his widow in no very flourishing circumstances, as regards pecuniary matters. Her conduct, however, was most exemplary, and if his lordship intended to depict his mother as Donna Inez, in his *Don Juan*, as has been said by one of our cotemporaries, and, indeed, generally understood, to us it appears that he has dealt with undue severity with his parent. His Lordship was born on his mother's estate, about 30 miles from Aberdeen, to which city both of them removed, on the death of his father, when he was but two years old. In Aberdeen his mother lived in almost perfect seclusion, on account of the great deterioration of her property by the extravagance of her deceased husband, for her high spirit would not suffer her to apply to his family for the slightest allowance, although her own was scanty indeed. She kept no company, but was regarded and esteemed by all who knew her, and her amiable disposition and manners were particularly shown towards all those whom she thought fit to associate in reading or in sports with her darling son. He was her darling son, for we have seen her, when he has only been going out for an ordinary walk, entreat him with the tear glistening in her eye, to take care of himself, " she had nothing on earth but him to live for ;" a circumstance not at all pleasing to his adventurous spirit, the more especially as some of his companions, who witnessed the affecting scene, would, at school, or at their sports make light of it, and ridicule him about it. The Hon. Mrs Byron had a beautiful

countenance, but was rather a *petite* figure, and had somewhat too much of the *enbon-point*. She was naturally a woman of spirit and gaiety, but we never understood that her genius lay chiefly in the 'mathematical,' or that, 'her wit was attic at all,' which his lordship attributes to that of Donna Inez.

George Byron Gordon was the appellation by which he was known to his schoolfellows in Aberdeen, and if any of them by accident or design, reversed the latter words, he was very indignant at it, on account of the neglect with which his father's family had along treated his mother.

At the age of seven years, his lordship, whose previous instruction in the English language had been his mother's sole task, was sent to the grammar school at Aberdeen where he continued till his removal to Harrow, with the exception of some intervals of absence, which were deemed necessary for the establishment of his health, by a temporary removal to the Highlands of Aberdeenshire; his constitution being always (while a boy) uncommonly delicate, his mind painfully sensitive, but his heart transcendantly warm and kind. Here it was he delighted in 'the mountain and the flood,' and here it was that he imbibed that spirit of freedom, and that love for 'the land of his Scottish sires,' which nothing could tear from his heart. Here it was that he felt himself without restraint, even in dress; and on his return to school, which, by the bye, he always did with the utmost willingness, it was with much difficulty that his mother could induce him to quit the kilt and the plaid, in compliance with the manners of the town; but the bonnet he would never leave off, until it could be no longer worn.

At school his progress never was so distinguished above that of the general run of his class-fellows, as after these occasional intervals of absence, when he would in a few days run thro' (and well too) exercises, which, according to the school routine, had taken weeks to accomplish. But when he had overtaken the rest of his class, he contented himself with being considered a tolerable scholar, without making any violent exertion to be placed at the head of the first form. It was out of school that he aspired to be the leader of every thing. In all the boyish sports and amusements he would be the first if possible. For this he was eminently calculated. Candid, sincere, a lover of stern and inflexible truth, quick, enterprising, and daring, his mind was capable of overcoming those impediments which nature had thrown in his way, by making his constitution and body weak, and by a mal-conformation of one of his feet. Nevertheless, no boy could outstrip him in the race, or in swimming—Even at that early period, (from eight to ten years of age) all his sports were of a manly character; fishing, shooting, swimming, and managing a horse, or steering and trimming

the sails of a boat, constituted his chief delight—and, to the superficial observer, seemed his sole occupation. This desire for supremacy in the school games, which we have alluded to, led him into many combats, out of which he always came with honor, almost always victorious. Upon one occasion, a boy, pursued by another, took refuge in his mother's house, the latter, who had been much abused by the former, proceeded to take vengeance on him, even on the landing place of the drawing-room stairs, when young Byron came out at the noise, and insisted that the refugee should not be struck in his house, or else he must fight for him. The pursuer, 'nothing loath,' accepted the challenge, and they fought for nearly an hour, when both were compelled to give in, from absolute exhaustion.

The first time that Lord Byron had come to school after his accession to his title, the Rector had caused his name to be inserted in the censor's book—Georgius Dominus de Byron, instead of Georgius Byron Gordon, as formerly. The boys unused to this aristocratic sound, set up a loud and involuntary shout, which had such an effect on his sensitive mind, that he burst into tears, and would have fled from the school had he not been restrained by the master. A school fellow of Byron's had a very small Shetland pony, which his father had bought him, and one day they were riding and walking by turns, to the banks of the Don, to bathe. When they came to the bridge over that dark romantic stream, Byron bethought him of the prophecy which he incorrectly quotes (from memory, it is true) in one of his latter cantoes of *Don Juan*.

"Brig o' Balgownie! wight's thy wa'
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mare's ae foal,
Down shalt thou fa'."

He immediately stopped his companion, who was then riding, and asked him if he remembered the prophecy, saying, as they were both only sons, and as the pony *might* be 'a mare's ae foal,' he would rather ride over first, because he had only a mother to lament him should the prophecy be fulfilled by the falling of the bridge, whereas the other had both a father and a mother to grieve after him.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

GENUINE HEROISM.

When the plague raged violently at Marseilles, every link of affection was broken; the father turned from the child—the child from the father; cowardice, ingratitude, no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height, when it thus destroys every generous feeling—thus dissolves every tie of humanity? The city became a desert, grass grew in the streets,

a funeral met you at every step. The physicians assembled in a body at the Hotel de Ville, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided, unanimously, that the malady, had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse alone might develope—an operation it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies. A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly, a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose, and said firmly, "Be it so: I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly, I promise, in the name of humanity and religion, that tomorrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down, as I proceed, what I observe."

He left the assembly instantly. They admire him, lament his fate, and doubt whether he will persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy, religion can inspire, acted up to his word. He had never married, he was rich, and he immediately made his will, dictated by justice and piety; he confessed, and in the middle of the night, received the sacraments. A man had died of the plague in his house, within four and twenty hours. Guyon, at day-break, shut himself up in the same room; he took with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, never had he felt more firm or more collected: kneeling before the corpse, he wrote—"Mouldering tenement of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy: thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God! (continued he,) thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired." He began—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations.—He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and afterwards sought the Lazaretto, where he died in 12 hours—a death ten thousand times more glorious than the warrior's, who, to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks—since he advances with hope at least, sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.

Cherry Feast.—There is a feast celebrated at Hamburgh, called the 'Feast of Cherries,' in which troops of children parade the streets with green boughs, ornamented with cherries, to commemorate the following event:—In

1432, the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburgh with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children of the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned, crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying 'victory.'

Gold is made to solace the wants, and not to nourish the passions of men. In this view, it was originally brought from the mines, purified, struck and stamped. He who expends it properly is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper! he who loves it, a fool! he who fears it, a slave; he who adores it, an idolater; the truly wise man is he who despises it.

Among the Polish prisoners of war, who were in Russia in 1661, was a distinguished nobleman, with whom nobody was allowed to speak without witnesses. This man became ill, and applied for a physician, which the Czar granted. The physician prescribed *Cremor Tartari*. The doctor had scarcely got home, when he was arrested and carried before the minister, who, as soon as he entered, addressed him very angrily, calling him a traitor, threatening the severest punishments, exclaiming, "You dog, what have you been talking to the Pole about the Crim Tartars?" The doctor, who stood motionless with astonishment, now comprehended the misunderstanding arising from the report made by some listeners to the minister, and explained it by shewing the prescription which he had left with the patient.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

"Curst be the "word," how sweet soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe:
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft eyed virgin, steal a tear."

Not many days ago, as the sun approached the mountains in the west, and the noise of the day was fast subsiding in the stillness of an evening, serene and beautiful; I left the din of the city, and sought the rural shade. It was one of those evenings that imparts to all nature the loveliest sublimity, and fills the souls of the noblest creatures with the softest and most rational delight. The sun soon passed the brow of the hills, leaving behind him a coloring on the sky, a reflection on the groves, fields, and waters, which the genius, and pencil even of our *West*, could not have equalled. The moon which till now, had been shorn of half her beams by the brightness of the brighter orb, appeared in the heavens, assuming his

evening dominions. As the sky was "like a rosy ocean vast and bright." I was musing in admiration of the scene, seated by an oak, at the western extremity of a grove, commanding the finest prospect. The time passed, the colors of the sun beams faded, but the moon and stars still shone and grew brighter, and the evening more serene and still. I was about to leave the spot, as a human voice, softly but sensibly reached my ear. I arose, and then the foliage and branches of the oak, nearly concealed my form. At a little distance from me, I beheld two females in the whitest attire, and of the most elegant forms, approaching from the interior of the grove. I stood in silence and in breathless anxiety.—To advance would be wrong, for I believed it would give alarm, and stir I dare not for the same reason: stay where I was and be discovered, I thought as bad as either. Could I have flown, I would have left them to breathe the pure air alone. I looked again, and they had stopped arm in arm, in a cluster of cedars. They spread their handkerchiefs on the low bough of a cedar, and seated themselves. For a moment all was still as before. Soon however, one addressed the other and said, "We are alone now, tell me before you go." Her voice was clear, low, and eloquent—as I heard, I was interested and stood in fear of nestling a leaf. I will for the purposes of this tale, call one of these girls Eliza, the other Mary. It was Eliza who first broke the silence, Mary looked toward the ground, then around in the grove, as if to be certain they were alone, then fixing her eyes on Eliza's she spoke. "Do you see the stillness of that leaf?" Yes, said her companion. "Will what I am now to say, remain as still as that leaf, in your bosom, known only to you, to me and heaven?" "If it is your request it shall," said Eliza. A moment's pause ensued. Mary drew Eliza's arm through her own, and proceeded. As she spoke, she raised her head and drew still nearer the listener. The moon at that instant, lighted her countenance, and though it added no beauty, it gave me power to recognize a face that I had seen and admired before, and to behold the lively animation, and amiable expression that dwelt there. "How can it be," continued she, that females can injure one another? We are liable to, and do too often receive the injuries of the other sex, but oh, are not our characters as tender as the softest flower, and is it not cruel that you should injure mine, or I yours?" Eliza started and exclaimed, "Mary, what do you mean, have I injured you?" "Listen," said Mary, again looking around her, and pausing a moment to know whether all was silent.—Then answering, she said, "do not be angry Eliza, when I say I think you have injured me". "How Mary?" said the agitated girl, her voice quick and tremulous, but low, and her face as she raised it to Mary's, appearing in the moon-light, full of concern, love and

beauty. "You have said that of me which has wounded my peace, and gives me unhappy moments," answered Mary.—As this sentence parted from the lips of Mary, the lovely girls clung insensibly together, and a kiss of long, and almost unearthly emotion, joined their breath, and stifled utterance. I thought I could feel my blood fly through every artery in my system, my whole soul was engrossed with love and admiration, mingled with pity. Love so pure, and yet touched with sorrow, nearly made me weep over the frailties of this world. "Mary", said Eliza, keep me not in suspense—what have I said?" Mary answered, "It is no more than is too frequently said by the unthinking, and is not perhaps criminal, though it has wronged me; and though it was not maidenly and generous, I forgive you"—"Tell me what it is," said Eliza: "I think of nothing, if I have wronged you, I will atone for it here." "Eliza, you have reported frequently that *****," (here was part of a sentence I must not repeat, though it was in words as pure as the soul that breathed them) and as frequently that Edwin and I were engaged, when you knew for I had told you, that he was only my friend." "I have, it is true," said Eliza; her feelings at once changing as if in gladness at hearing nothing more. "but I thought no harm, and you know that it was considered so by all." "But Eliza, you and others did me wrong, though I accuse you not of improper motives, yet it has been unhappy for me. I know such reports are common, of less evil than many, and circulated as of course, but you know they are injurious. The least false breath will cast suspicion on our innocence, and affect our happiness. A speck on our characters will never wash away, and our lives are not so dear, as a spotless reputation. Man's good or ill fame is in a measure at his own control, but our worth and good names are subject to the injuries of a world, and if once they are suspected they fade to rebloom no more." Here Eliza attempted to speak, but Mary put her white finger to her lips, and continued.—"Those reports have made me unhappy, tho' I hope but for a short time. Their effects are injurious at least. You and I, and the rest of our sex, love society, and the privileges of friendship. We—yes, it is natural for us to admire and esteem the deserving, of the other sex—their company is engaging. The disinterested society of the sexes, is the dearest privilege we enjoy; it renders social beings useful, exalts their reason, and makes them happy. It is hard to be deprived of this. We repine in solitude—unlike the rose in this respect, we come not to the possession of half the excellencies of our nature, when alone. Any thing therefore that tends to deprive us of these privileges, is wrong: And Eliza, such reports have this tendency. I had, till these reports were circulated, enjoyed the society of many friends and acquaintances of the other

sex, whom I esteemed, for their society was valuable. Now they seldom if ever visit me, for what reason I know not, except it is for these reports; and even you and my other female associates are more formal and distant than before. Edwin too, whom I blush not to own I considered a true friend, and for whose society I shall ever be grateful, has not visited me since. I loved him, but it was for his virtues only—we were friends, but nothing more. The sweet converse of friends, only breathing to benefit and to please, has of late been denied me; As she closed, a pause again, and silence filled the scene and the words of the Poet darted through my mind—‘she seemed a creature too soft and fair, for sorrow to have touched.’ ‘Mary’ said Eliza, ‘forgive me if I have erred, for I am innocent.’ ‘I do forgive you’ replied Mary. ‘Edwin did wrong,’ said Eliza, ‘we have all wronged you in treating you thus.’ ‘No,’ answered Mary. ‘Edwin has not wronged me. he is pure, has acted right, has convinced you and others of your error, and I hope soon to enjoy society again.’ ‘But Mary do you not think that gentlemen injure us by their frequent visits; it gives rise to such reports?’ ‘If the gentlemen did not visit us, said Mary, I know these reports would not be, but then we should dislike them for their indifference—No, it is the habit of judging of, and guessing at suitors that occasions the mischief. Persons are reported to be engaged without a reason, even ordinary politeness is called love—an intimate friend must be an intended companion, and this it is that we may most fear. Tho’ many gentlemen would wrong us, I think there are more who are careful not to, and these never will visit us much after such reports, if they are untrue; for no gentleman of worth could be insensible to the feelings it would cost us. In my case I must excuse the gentlemen, for I have always been able to trace declarations concerning me to some female tongue: But I have known cases, where many of both sexes were blamable. It is the habit, that should be eradicated; ‘You are right Mary,’ replied Eliza, ‘we are all to blame; till these evils cease in practice, we should not complain that our society is no better, come, let us go,’ she added; and the two girls silently, but affectionately stepped from the cedars to a path leading from the grove, at a small distance from me.

They knew not that I saw them, and knew them, or that Edwin was in the oak. At any other time my foot would have moved, my heart bounded to meet them, but then they did not, but I gazed, till I saw them safely enter a peaceful cot in the vicinity of their fathers. They, and such as they, are ‘the last best gifts of Heaven,’ to bless and cheer us here. The hand that would injure, the tongue that would defame them, may God paralyze in time. If either of them should read this tale, may they keep the true name of the author, as

silent and still as the ‘leaf’ on the birch tree on that lovely night, and pardon me for publishing it—I think it furnishes a good *moral*, and I have only to regret, that I could not have put it in the same simple, yet feeling, and powerful eloquence in which it fell from their lips. I heard them with rapture, their words with powerful yet agreeable force, passed through me to my heart; and I confess I loved *them*, the daughters of Eve. I was convinced that their conclusion was a just one, and could gladly see it practiced upon in society. It is true that idle talk is supposed not to harm, but many times it does: And more serious charges are sometimes made, attended with more serious consequences; and for the eradication of falsehoods, oftentimes so unpleasant in society, I could wish that the Arch Angel would look down, drop a tear upon them, and wipe them away—society would have less alloy—would be worth enjoying,—made up of wise fathers and mothers, honorable young men, and modest, amiable, lovely maidens—creatures next to Angels, and *all* pure in soul—this I should like to see.

AMICUS.

SUMMARY.

John J. Smith of Chatham, in this county, who was found guilty by a jury of inquest, of the murder of his son on the 11th inst. has been apprehended at Whitehall, where he had taken passage in the steam-boat for Canada, brought to this City and lodged in jail to await his trial next September.

A girl aged about 13 years, named Alvira Ayers, of Manchester Vt. was found in a cistern one day last week. The water was so low that had she stood up, her head would have been out, and from marks of violence on her person, and the lid of the cistern being shut, suspicions were entertained that she had been murdered, but a coroner's jury determined the contrary.

A person supposed to be about 30 years of age, lately made his appearance in Hartford, Ct. soliciting alms, and pretended to be afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. The overseer of the work house having given him an invitation to walk with him, the fellow ran like a deer. He was pursued, taken and committed to the work house for forty days. He had 35 dollars concealed in a pocket made inside of his shirt.

Rhode-Island Convention.—The convention for forming a constitution, closed on Saturday last, and adjourned without day. The constitution was adopted in convention by a vote of 52 to 9. The second Monday in October is fixed upon as the time for the people to vote upon the acceptance of the constitution. The House of Representatives is to be appointed as follows:—All towns are to have two representatives; three thousand inhabitants and under five thousand 3; five thousand and under eight thousand 4; eight thousand and under twelve thousand 5; twelve thousand and under seventeen thousand 6; seventeen thousand 7; no town to exceed 7.

Died,

At Claverack, on Sunday evening last, of a consumption. Miss ELBERTINE MILLER, in the 19th year of her age, daughter of the late Cornelius Miller, esq.



POETRY.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

THE HEIRESS' COMPLAINT.

Why tell me with officious zeal,
That I am young, and rich and fair,
And wonder how my soul can feel
The pangs of sorrow and of care?

Why dost thou count the golden store,
The sparkling jewels that are mine,
And name the suitors o'er and o'er,
Who breathe their incense at my shrine?

Know that I scorn the sordid train,
Whose loveless vows are bought and sold;
Know that the heart I sigh to gain,
Despises, spurns, my worthless gold.

I love—I dare not breathe his name,
The son of genius and of mind;
He climbs the steepy path of Fame,
Content to leave the crowd behind.

And while in halls illumin'd bright,
I heard the same false flatteries o'er,
He patient wastes the midnight light,
In studious toil, in learned lore.

Seldom he seeks the giddy throng,
And then he stands retir'd, apart,
And views the dance, and hears the song,
With listless look and joyless heart.

He turns from Love's all-speaking eye;
His mind to Fame, to Science clings,
Thron'd in a world of visions high,
Of deep and vast imaginings.

My vaunted wealth, my flatter'd face,
The praise of coxcombs may employ;
But he regards that dross as base,
He holds that beauty as a toy.

Yet must I still reluctant wear
These flashing gems, these robes of state;
And nightly must submit to share
The paltry vanities I hate.

Oh! never shall the world deride
My passion, with unfeeling jest,
While smiles of more than Spartan pride,
Can hide the tortures of my breast.

Thy tears flow fast—now judge if gold,
Can banish anguish from its shrine;
And say, if ever tale was told,
So sad, so sorrowful as mine.

M. A.

EPIGRAMS.

"If Nature never acts a part in vain,
Who, said an Atheist, shall this fact explain?
"Why in the glow-worm does her power produce
Such lavish lustre, for so little use?"

A plain blunt fellow, who, by chance, stood by,
Heard what he said, and made him this reply:

"Nature, (quoth he,) explains her own design;
She meant to mortify all pride like thine,
"When o'er an insect's tail such light she spread,
And left such darkness in a coxcomb's head."

What makes Home.

"Dear friend, of late you seem to shun my door,
To-morrow come, we dine exact at four."
"Well Dick I'll come, although your lady's din,
Proves you are not at home, and yet within."
No paradox is here—plain sense decrees
Man only is at home, when he's at ease.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The letter M.

PUZZLE II.—A Ditch.

PUZZLE III.—Because it is before T. (*tea*.)

PUZZLE IV.—Because there is no end to it, but in destruction.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What is Majesty deprived of its externals?

II.

Why is an agreement to marry like a balloon rising?

III.

Why is a Turkish governor like a small sea?

A REBUS.

One third of a liquor from West India sent,
With two thirds of an answer expressing consent
Will plainly exhibit a small borough town.
In a maritime county, near sixty miles down.

A WORD TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The smallness of our paper renders it necessary that all Communications be as short as possible. We cannot spare more than a column and a half to a correspondent in one paper. Should any communication in future exceed that, we must either decline publishing or divide it. Many articles will not bear dividing without much injury to the merits of the piece. Our correspondents will therefore govern themselves accordingly. We shall be happy to receive favors from our literary friends, and will with pleasure publish their communications when embracing the general designs of the editor of this paper—but as a variety is necessary to accomplish the end we have in view, we must religiously adhere to the above rule, of granting to no correspondent more than a column and a half in one paper.

Friend TESTY, will appear in our next. Also, OBSERVATOR, No. 2.

THE CONDITIONS OF THIS PAPER ARE **ONE DOLLAR** PAID IN ADVANCE.

N. B. Persons living in distant towns, if they will appoint an agent, by forwarding \$5. he can receive 6 Papers; and in the same ratio for a greater number.

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